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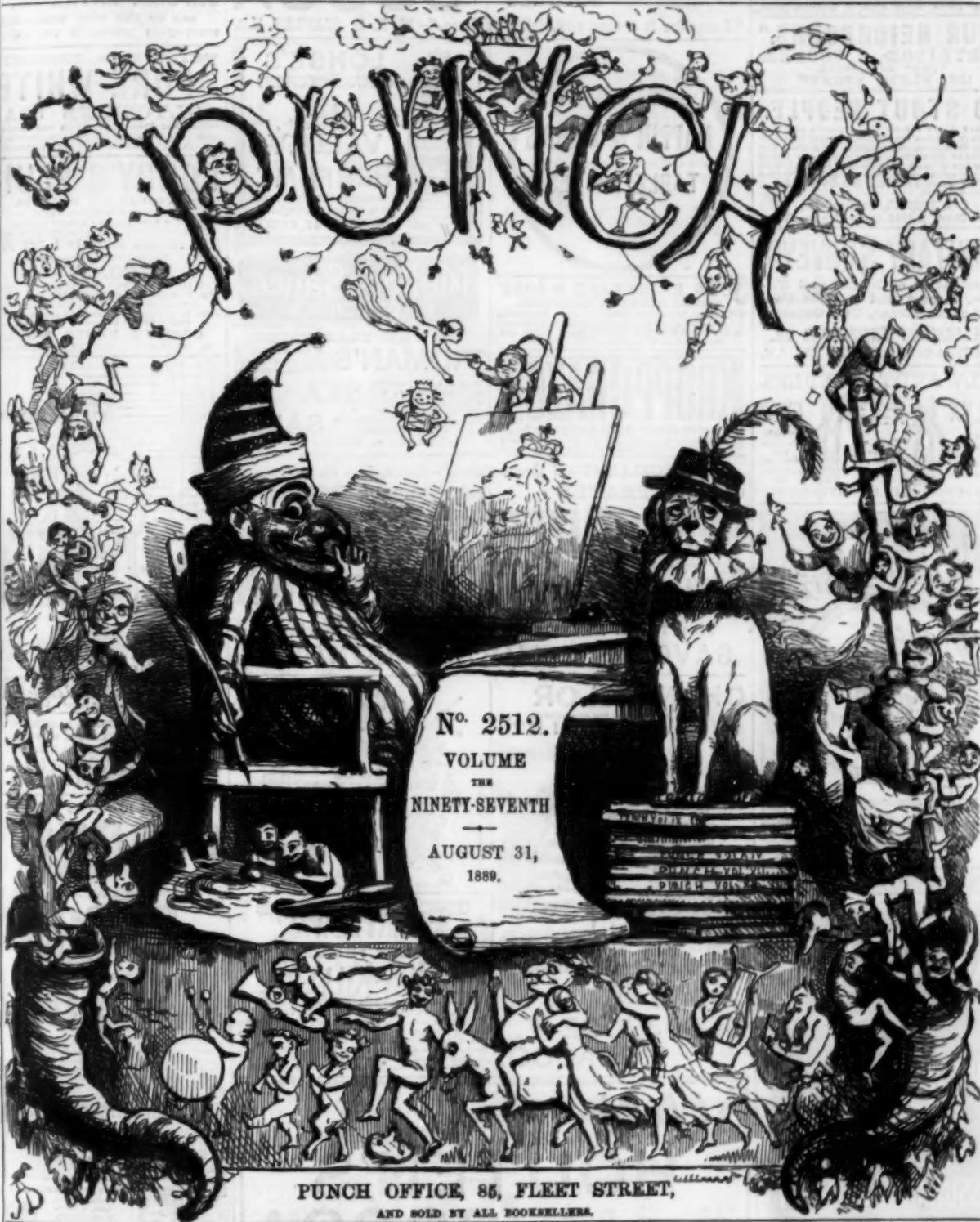
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OUR CURATES.

"MY VICAR'S AWAY! I PREACH THREE TIMES ON SUNDAY, AND BOSS THE ENTIRE SHOW!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

"I KNOW a country village," said the Moon; "it lies in a pleasant hollow, clustering round the tall grey church tower. For several years now have I looked down on the humble thatched roofs, and peeped through many an open door, into the neat little room, with the Dutch clock ticking busily on the wall, and the best china and painted tea-trays set out on the dresser. I know all the inhabitants, too, and often watch them digging in their gardens, or sitting in their porches of an evening after their hard day's labour in the fields. They are kind, simple folk; and though they are poor enough, some of them, there is nothing ugly or sordid in their poverty, and I do not think they are unhappy or discontented, like too many of their brethren in the great cities and towns. The children, too, have sturdy legs and rosy faces, and shout merrily when they are let out of school. Just now, however, I notice faces amongst them that are pale and legs that are very far from sturdy, but these belong to children who have lived all their little lives in the smoky slums of this great London of yours. Some philanthropic people have had the idea of sending them away, for a fortnight or so every summer, into the fresh sweet air and the novel sights and sounds of the country. The cottagers are always glad to have them, and the half-crown a week which is paid for each child's board and lodging represents an amount of kindness which no money could ever purchase. The hearts of these good country people are touched by the wasted limbs and white faces of these little London guests, and they are never easy till they see them looking healthy and ruddy, like their own children, as is generally the case before they go back. But these small boarders often earn a welcome on their own account, for they are sharper than the little rustics, and have more to say



for themselves. You would be amused if you could look in sometimes through the latticed window, as I do, and see some little London urchin, ensconced in the only armchair, enlightening the family on the ways of the Town, while the flaxen-headed children stand by, open-mouthed or eyed, and the cottager's wife exclaims, 'Lar, now!' 'Marcy me!' 'Well, to think o' that!' and the cottager says nothing, but smokes his pipe on the settle, marvelling at the wisdom and knowledge of his youthful guest, and receiving enough new ideas to last him for a twelvemonth to come.

"Unfortunately they are not all like that. Not very long ago I saw a painful little scene at the garden-gate of one of the cottages. The Vicar's Wife was seated in her pony-carriage, while a stout, pleasant-faced woman was denouncing the conduct of the small boy who had been billeted upon her. They could do nothing with him. The first night he came, he had refused to sleep in the room upstairs, because such a smell came through the window—and it was only honeysuckle, too! Then he had stoned the hens, and beaten the pig, and pinched her little girl till she cried, and behaved generally like the turbulent little ruffian he was. There he stood, listening sullenly to the charges against him, with an impudent scowl on his hardened, low-browed countenance—he was certainly not an engaging-looking boy. So the Vicar's Wife told him that he did not deserve to stay where he was, and that he should be sent back to London the very next day. He made no answer, but I knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that he had thrown stones and ill-treated the animals because he felt bad and didn't know of anything else to do; that he had hurt the little country girl because she had made him feel how bad he was. That the little girl hated him, but he didn't care. That when he got home next day, his father would beat him, and he didn't care for that either. That everybody was a beast, and he wished he was dead. The cottager's little daughter was standing shyly by, her round freckled face very flushed under her sunbonnet; her mother had made her show the bruises on her arm where the naughty boy had pinched her, and she felt sorry and ashamed, particularly when the Vicar's Wife said that he would have to be sent away. The lady was just taking up her reins, having settled the train by which he was to go, and her mother was just getting ready to curtsey, when the little girl could stand it no longer. She rushed down to the carriage.

"If you please, Ma'am," she began, "oh, if you please"—then she burst out crying. "What is it, little girl?" asked the lady; "has this wicked boy done any other mischief? Don't be afraid—tell me all about it." "No, no, it beant that, Ma'am, please—he didn't 'urt me—leastways, he didn't *goa* fur to 'urt me, an' he didn't know as it was orrule fur to 't it the peg . . . he's main sorry now, and he woant never throw stonans at the 'ens noa moar. he woan't. Doan't 'ee send 'im away just this time, Ma'am! Mother'll let 'im stay, an' he'll be good and beavare proper if he's let to stay, woan't 'ee, JIMMY, now? tell the lady!" And here she threw her small bruised arms round the boy's neck, and cried on his sulky shoulder. I saw his narrow eyes blink and his face twitch at this unexpected intercession, and then he drew his ragged sleeve across his face and turned away. "Tain't o' now use!" he growled. "I'm a bad 'un, I am. A right o' now bad 'un . . . I'd better go back 'ome, I'ad!" "No, no," sobbed the child; "stay, JIMMY, stay and be good. I'll show you how!"

"So the end of it was, he was given one more chance, and, as the pony-carriage drove away, I saw him kiss the little girl roughly and rather sheepishly under her sunbonnet, and break away into the back yard. I don't think he will do her or the animals any harm again, somehow, however long he is allowed to stay," said the Moon.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.—*Mr. Punch, Sir, wy is that stupendous eddific of inginearin enterprise the Eiffel Tower, which has just bin struck by a violent flash of lightning without being 'urt—cos wy, its made of iron—like yours truly? Cos being a chap on the footboard at the back of a 'bus, I ope I, too, may call myself,*

A GOOD CONDUCTOR.

BARRICADES IN LONDON.—For further particulars see the Strand and Piccadilly.



"CANNIE!"

Ticket Collector (to Farmer, who is constantly without a Ticket, and pays at the end of his Journey). "AH SAY, MR. TAMPSON, HOO IS IT THAT YE AYE TRAY-VEL WITHOUT YER TICKET?"
Farmer. "WEEL, YOU SEE, WULLY, AH TOOK AN AITH, THAT NANE O' THE DIRECTORS O' THIS LINE SHOULD EVER TOUCH A CURDY O' MA SILLER!—AND AS LANG AS YE'RE COLLECTOR HERE AH DINNA THINK THEY WULL!"

UNTILED;

Or, The Modern Asmodeus.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimes les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."—*Le Diable Boiteux.*

I.

NIGHT, and that nebulous mood, half thought, half dream,
 Through which the Ivory Gates are apt to
 gleam
 Most like substantial portals;

'Midst which the solid bounds of sense dis-
 And visionary flights of vagrant whim [limn,
 Seem gifts from the immortals.

"If in purblind humanity's behoof
 I, like old Asmodeus, might unroof
 The dwellings of our City ;
 On lurid London I might throw some light,
 And mend,—but 'tis impracticable, quite,"
 I muttered,—"more's the pity!"
 In audible soliloquy, I spoke,
 As I addressed me to my evening smoke,
 In dressing-gown and slippers;

Regretting dreamily the good old days
 When supra-mortals guides to modish ways
 Were common as cheap-trippers.

"Impracticable? Nay!" a voice replied,
 And Something Shadowy wavered at my side,
 Its lineaments fantastic
 Seemed to suggest LéSAGH's imp refined,
 Modified by the modern march of mind,
 To Art's late impulse plastic.

"Who may you be, and what is it you want?"
 I asked. "Well, not a fiend noctivagant!"
 Replied my vaporous visitor.
 "No; demon-guides are wholly out of date;
 Trust me, as though I were a friend sedate,
 Or family solicitor.

"A philosophic gentleman like you,
 Who humankind would intimately view,
 As you erewhile suggested,
 May find me useful; but remember, please,
 I'm no soul-snaring *Mephistopheles*,
 Nor with black arts invested."

I gazed awhile into that phantom face,
 And little in its lineaments could trace
 Of darkly melancholie.

"Suppose," said I, "that on your aid I call,
 Pray tell me, is your meaning literal,
 Or merely parabolic?"

"*Voyons!*" he cried. And lo! my slippers
 Toes
 Swiftly forsook the hearthrug, and we rose,
 My guide and I together,
 Sheer through the parting roof. It did not
 hurt,
 Nor did we suffer disarray, or dirt
 From shock on the vile weather.

"You wish to see this City-world"; he
 smiled,
 "When, as Club scandal-mongers say, 'tis
 'tiled,'

With none to 'blow the gaff' on us.
 Well, you shall find when voyaging with me
 Stone walls and stucco will transparent be,
 And brick and slate diaphanous.

"Behold!" I looked, and through the murky
 night
 A crystalline, cold, clear, pervasive light
 Seemed all things to illumine,
 As though some giant glow-worm's phosphorescence
 Made lucent with its penetrative presence
 All haunts of men and women.

"Scene First!" my comrade whispered.
 Scattered gold
 Across a gas-illumined table rolled,
 Clutched at by hands fierce-crooking,
 Glanced at by avid eyes. A callow youth
 Whose face might move Sir MULBERRY HAWK
 to ruth,

Well-bred, well-garbed, well-looking,
 Shook back impatient from a forehead pale
 Damp curls dishevelled. SHYLOCK with his
 scale,

And hungering steel, looked never
 More eager than the wolfish faces drawn
 About that board; some broad with sensual
 brawn
 Some Cassius—lean and clever.

Others there were set in the vapid smile
 Of vacuous folly vain of fancied guile,
 The modish ape's grimacing,
 Made up like histrión's masks, to pattern,
 Like coats and collars. How those cold hawks
 scorn

The quarry they are chasing!
 The pretty plume-soiled pigeons that would
 play
 The subtle serpent in their simple way.
 "London's obscure recesses,"
 My cicérone murmured, "hold some shrines
 Of Eleusinian secrecy. Good wines,
 Fair manners, modish dresses.



AFTER THE HARDSHIPS OF (EXCEPTIONALLY) CIVIL WAR!

First Lord of the Admiralty (suppressing his emotion). "BLESS YOU, BLESS YOU! IN SPITE OF ITS BEING QUITE ROUGH, YOU BOTH BEHAVED LIKE HEROES!"

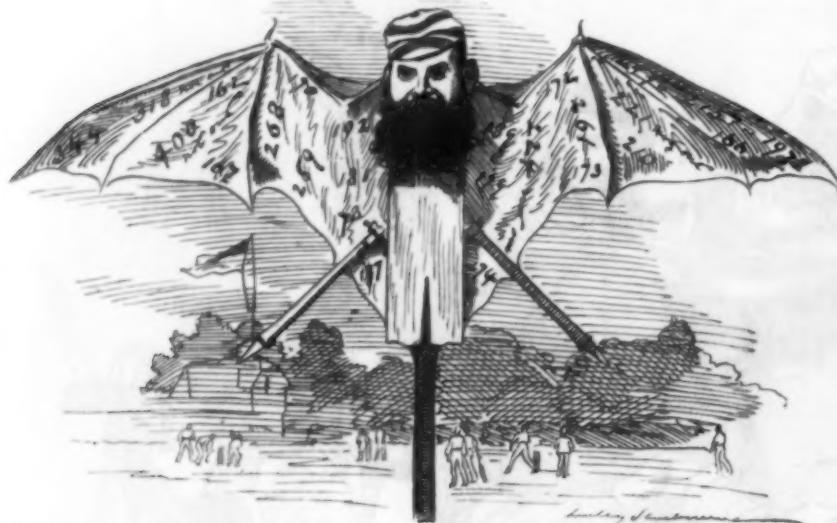
"All here you see! And in addition—
what?"—
Presto! 'Twas morn in a green nook. A shot
Cracked like whip-lash loudly.
There by the grey slow-gliding stream he
lay,
Pallid and prone.—"At Lord's, the other day,
"He scored his 'century' proudly!"

My guide commented thus: Nor seemed there
need
Of ampler explanation. "Mammon-greed
Has many stranger phases,"
Pursued the Shadow. "Gold and gilded
youth
Fill out *this* scene on which satiric truth
Our curtain fitly raises.

"But other scenes and actors crowd the stage,
Sardonic humours of a Golden Age,
Saturnine not Saturnian.
We'll mark the puppets dallying. Ours the
gift
From dim Whitechapel rookeries shifting
To palaces Tyburnian."
(*To be continued.*)

THE "LEVIATHAN BAT,"

Or Many-Centured Marvel of the Modern (Cricket) World, in his high soaring, top-scoring, Summer-day Flight. (Dr. William Gilbert Grace.)



AS CHAMPION HIM THE WHOLE WORLD HAILS.
LORDS ! HOW HE SMITHS AND THUMPS !

IT TAKES A WEEK TO REACH THE BALES
WHEN HE'S BEFORE THE STUMPS.
"Chevy Chase" (revised).

WAX-WORKERS AT PLAY;

Or, a Day in the Country for Madame Tussaud's Collection.

AT a time when charitably-disposed people are busying themselves on all sides in organizing "a day in the country," for the benefit of those helpless classes of the community who would not otherwise enjoy the chance of spending a few hours in the green fields, away from the gloom and smoke of the Metropolis, it is satisfactory to learn that the Proprietors of those most deserving of all caterers for public amusement, the wax figures of Madame Tussaud's Collection, have not been behindhand in the movement, but have afforded their establishment an "outing," which appears to have come off the other day, under most enjoyable conditions, and to have been unanimously pronounced by all concerned a distinct and notable success.

The news had been whispered among the Effigies during the course of the afternoon, and no sooner were the doors of the Marylebone Road Emporium closed at the conclusion of the evening's entertainment, than there was a sudden rush of all of them from platform and pedestal to the Central Hall, and a hurried and excited discussion held for the purpose of settling the programme of the projected holiday.

A good deal of time was consumed in fixing on a suitable locality, many of the Effigies wishing to turn the occasion into an opportunity of visiting some familiar spot. GEOFFREY CHAUCER suggested Canterbury as a delightful place in which to spend a happy day; but this had to be abandoned, not only on account of its distance, but also owing to the very strong objection felt by all the Plantagenet kings to travelling by railway. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR then asked if they could not run down to Hastings. To this NAPOLEON replied that, if a visit to the field of an over-rated battle was to be their guide, he might as well propose dragging the entire Collection to Austerlitz, a suggestion which brought from BISMARCK the rejoinder that "they possibly would find 'Waterloo Bridge' more handy," which was greeted with much laughter. CHARLES THE FIRST then made some cautious inquiries about Rosherville, but



was assured by SHAKESPEARE and ARABI PASHA that it was not at all the sort of place he would like, to which QUEEN ELIZABETH added, that its only merit consisted in being opposite to Tilbury, but, that if they wanted to spend their outing on the river, she would certainly suggest their going up-stream and fixing on Hampton Court. This proposition seemed to give general satisfaction, especially to HENRY THE EIGHTH, who, said he should enjoy looking up "the old place" again above anything, and seeing that he could now ride down in a pleasure-van with all his six wives together, "Bless their dear hearts!" he hoped they might consider Hampton Court as settled. After a little further discussion this arrangement was finally determined on, and it having been intimated that for psychological reasons the start would take place in the early hours of the dawn before cock-crow, the Effigies proceeded to make their preparations accordingly.

At the appointed hour the next morning about ten vans and two police omnibuses started on their westward journey. The last named vehicles had been provided for the special accommodation of the occupants of the Chamber of Horrors, whom, spite a strong feeling on the part of a large portion of the Effigies, that their presence would degrade the pic-nic, it was not thought quite fair to leave behind. Some little judgment was necessary in the fitting selection of the occupants of the several vans, so that no jarring theological, political, or historical elements should have a chance of introducing any discordant notes into the general harmony of the day's proceedings. Indeed, the Effigies themselves seem to have had a keen appreciation of the situation, for OLIVER CROMWELL, having by some mistake found himself seated between CHARLES THE FIRST and CHARLES THE SECOND, carefully avoided any allusion to White-hall or the Long Parliament, but adroitly interested both the Monarchs by an exhaustive account of the prospects of the London General Omnibus Company, and a brief summary of the latest accounts of the Naval Manoeuvres. Equal tact and good taste was displayed by a group of Churchmen. For Cardinal WOLSEY, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, the Metropolitan of Moscow, and JOHN KNOX, who had by some mismanagement been placed together in the same van, purposely avoided ecclesiastical matters in their conversation. Indeed, so much did they seem to be seeking a common ground of agreement, that they were all apparently deeply interested in the durable qualities of wood-pavement, the advantages of which, when compared to the ordinary Macadam road, DANIEL O'CONNELL happened to be explaining with much earnestness of manner to JAMES THE SECOND and MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. Nothing of any note occurred on the drive down. WILLIAM THE THIRD pointed out the windows of the room he occupied as they passed Kensington Palace, and Queen ELIZABETH said she found Hammersmith so altered "she shouldn't have known it."

A NOVEL MEDICINE.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to an Able Defender of Fiction.)

THOUGH life's burdens may be
In Imagination men [chronic,
Find a wondrous mental tonic
To recur to, now and then.

Every weird and wild narration
Exercising potent charm
Over our imagination,
Quoth the *savant*, does no harm.

Even able men of science,
Those who scaled her topmost
heights,
So they tell us, placed reliance
On imaginative flights.

DAVY, NEWTON, *testa* TYNDALL,
Mighty men, well known to fame,
Felt imagination kindle
Ere their great discoveries came.

CRICHTON-BROWNE then has no
Of a very active brain, [terror
Holds it is a vulgar error
That such folks become insane.

Give us then our curdling fiction,
Though the moralist may frown;
Since it gains the benediction
Of our wisest, CRICHTON-BROWNE.

THE PROFIT OF THE LAST STRIKE.
—Docked !

Bushey Park, however, was reached at last, and the occupants of the vans descended, and proceeded to enjoy the delights of strolling in groups beneath the cool green shade of the great trees, and thus leisurely spinning out the time till the supreme hour of the undoing of the hamper arrived, and the more festive portion of the pio-nio commenced in good earnest. Then a scene altogether quaint and striking would have met the gaze of the chance spectator. Such a pio-nio is not to be witnessed every day. Here was **GEORGE THE THIRD** gracefully offering some lobster-salad to **JOAN OF ARC**, and **QUEEN ANNE** accepting, with a kindly smile, the wing of a chicken from **GEORGE WASHINGTON**. There, **ISABELLE**, wife of **EDWARD THE SECOND**, held her glass to **HOQUA**, the celebrated Chinese Tea Merchant, who was filling it with Negus, while **QUEEN ELIZABETH** and **MARIE ANTOINETTE** playfully declined the sandwiches offered them by **LOUSHKIN**, the Russian Giant. Contrasts presented themselves in every direction. On all sides extremes seemed to meet. But silence is called, and a hush falls upon the scene. General **TOM THUMB** is upon his legs, and is about to make a speech. On rising, he is received with cheers, and says: He concludes that this meeting, though of no formal character, will still hold fast to the good English tradition, and not separate at least without the proposition of one toast—("Hear, hear!")—and that toast is, "The Crown!" (*Cheers.*) But in a gathering such as he saw around him, comprising so many Royal Heads, he thought he could not do better than join to it the name of the oldest Sovereign present. ("Hear, hear!") He had much pleasure in proposing the health of his Gracious, but extinct Majesty, **WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR**. (*Cheers.*)

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, rising, said, when he saw so many Crowned Heads around him he felt a little shy at being thus singled out for special mention. ("Hear, hear!") He could assure them he thanked them for their kind thought of him (*cheers*); but there were other thanks due on this occasion—(prolonged cheering)—and those, on the behalf of himself and all his *confrères*, he begged most heartily to offer. (*Cheers.*) He alluded to the gratitude they all felt to the Proprietorship of the Establishment for the very delightful outing they had all had, and which he trusted they had all enjoyed as much as he had. (*Prolonged cheering.*)

The Effigies then separated, breaking up into groups until the time of departure, a large party following **HENRY THE EIGHTH**, who undertook personally to conduct them over the Palace apartments. The sun beginning to gain power, and some of the Effigies showing signs of an inclination to melt, and there being also some apprehension of rain, which would have seriously interfered with their complexion, it was decided to return to town. The vans, therefore, being again packed, the cavalcade took its departure, and by its quaint singing of snatches, madrigals, and rondos of the last eight centuries, on its way back, attracted a good deal of attention on its passage through the suburbs, arriving at length once again in the Marylebone Road in high spirits, conscious of having had the experience of having passed a most enjoyable "day in the country."

SEWER GAS-TRITIS.

(*Jottings by a West-End-er.*)

CURIOUS that I should feel so languid just now. Call in Doctor, who says I am "bilious and want active exercise." Recommends boating. Take a boat at Kew, and am found two hours later asleep and delirious by a kindly waterman, who conveys boat back for me, and sees me into train home. Fancy there is something really wrong with me.

Langour increasing. Butler, invaluable man, whom I've had for twenty years, just given notice. I merely said, "All right!" and told him not to bother me. He seemed both surprised and offended. Under ordinary circumstances I know that I wouldn't part with him for worlds. Doctor comes in again. Says "he thinks it's not biliousness, but slight disorder of nervous system." Recommends salmon-fishing in Norway. Get *Continental Bradshaw*, and go to sleep over it. No appetite. Limbs feel as if beaten with sticks. Hot and restless. What is the matter with me?

Break out in a rash. Summon Doctor hurriedly. Orders me to bed. Says this time, that he thinks it's "neither biliousness nor nerves, but form of complicated gastro-enteritis." I think it must be. "But why the rash?"—I ask. Doctor says, rash a symptom of an "eruptive fever." Then have I got an eruptive fever? Doctor, who evidently feels he has become too communicative, says, "No, not at all." Believe he does this to comfort me. Hear him asking servants down-stairs if sanitary state of house is satisfactory. Why, of course it is. Don't I live in the most fashionable part of London, and in one of the best houses in it?

Am allowed to read papers in bed. Ha! What do I see? Question in Parliament as to "outbreak of typhoid fever in Mayfair." And I reside in Mayfair! Send for Doctor. Ask him peremptorily if I've got typhoid. He replies quite blandly that I have, and "didn't I know it?" No, and I don't believe he did, till I told him. Any-

how, am obliged to have a couple of nurses. "Can't my drains be looked to?" I want to know. "No, not till I am convalescent" Doctor austerely replies. "When I am better, drains can be trapped." At present I seem to be trapped.

(*A few Weeks later.*) Better. Five sanitary experts have been sitting, as a sort of jury, on my drainage system. Six large cesspools discovered under kitchen floor. Perhaps this accounts for so many of our servants having retired to hospitals soon after quitting our situation. Send to landlord, and tell him of scandalous state of the premises. Ask him what he intends to do. He replies by "referring me to Mr. RITCHIE's statement in Parliament, that the tenant usually paid for repairs of drains." Adds that my lease will soon be up, and he will be happy to grant me a renewal, "on the old terms." And on the old cesspools! I suppose he would call this a "happy re-lease." I nearly had mine a few weeks ago. What nonsense to talk of Continental drainage being so much worse than English! Shall give up my house in Mayfair, and live in Paris for the future.

THE VERY LAST OF THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I AM writing these few lines before starting for the Fleet, and shall send you the packet that will contain them when the Manoeuvres are over. By this means you will receive a full account of one of the most interesting events of modern times. I break off now to go on board.



Gaw thumb—Earl 'and!

better! But such a headache! So very ill! I can scarcely see! Inclosed sketches are by one of your Staff—Mr. D.



Howe?



De vast A shun!

CRAMBO, Jun. So know they're safe! Sure to be like the ships—sure to be! Take my word for it, the very image of them! Fit them into the article in their proper places—and I say—I am so ill!—write the article yourself!

Yours in a hammock,
AN UNABLE SEAMAN.
Somewhere On-the-Sea.

[We fear our unfortunate Correspondent has been hoaxed. However, as there is no time to obtain substitutes for the sketches, we insert them for what they are worth—from an historical point of view, of course, not much. As to writing the article ourselves, that is too absurd. Besides, the subject has been (admirably) done to death in the columns of our daily contemporaries, and we unfortunately have had no time to read the matter up.—ED.]

THE CRICKET ON THE BENCH.—When is a Metropolitan Police Magistrate like a well-bowled ball at the Oval?—When he consents to take bail.

PENS AND PENS.—At the Holland (Lincolnshire) Sessions a poultryman was fined 18s. for plucking forty-eight live geese. For the future, live geese will only be legally plucked at the Universities.



HAPPY THOUGHT.—STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF A "HOYHNHNM."

(Our Artist means to illustrate "Gulliver's Travels.")

LAW FOR THE LAWYERS.

SCENE I.—Interior of a Police Court. Prisoner in the dock. Magistrate on the Bench. Listless audience.

Magistrate. Now, I think it has been pretty clearly proved that you stole a pair of boots. Shall I deal with it at once, or send it for trial?

Prisoner. If you please, Your Majesty, I think I would rather you— [He is interrupted by a Solicitor, who enters Court hurriedly.

Solicitor (to Magistrate). Your pardon, your Worship, but may I speak to the Prisoner?

Prisoner (in an ecstasy of joy). What! A legacy of five thousand pounds! Then—

Solicitor (promptly). Exactly. We reserve our defence!

(A short pause.)

SCENE II.—Central Criminal Court. Verdict has been received. Prisoner has been brought up to receive judgment.

Presiding Judge. And now, all I have to do is to sentence you to two years' imprisonment, and I may say that the Jury—

Counsel (interrupting). Your pardon, my Lord, but we propose to appeal to a greater Jury yet.

Presiding Judge. Oh, certainly. Appeal Court No. 1. We will proceed to the next case.

(A longer pause than before.)

SCENE III.—Appeal Court No. 1. Five Judges in a row. Strong Bar.

First Judge. We have listened with great pleasure to the able arguments we have heard on both sides, and have come to the conclusion that the decision of the Court below must be maintained.

[Looks at Colleagues, who gravely bow acquiescence. Queen's Counsel (collecting his papers). Just so, my Lord. Of course we shall appeal.

First Judge. Certainly. Appeal Court No. 2.

(A pause of some length.)

SCENE IV.—Appeal Court No. 2. Lords Justices of Appeal discovered in imposing numbers.

Master of the Rolls. With every desire to give the appeal the

benefit of the doubt, we do not see our way to afford him relief. The decision of the Courts below must be maintained.

Queen's Counsel. As your Lordships please, but we must appeal to a greater Jury—one who—

M. of the R. (smiling). Thank you—*nisi prius* eloquence is superfluous. Of course you can take the matter to the House of Lords.

(A very long pause.)

SCENE V. AND LAST.—The House of Lords. The matter has been argued before the Judicial Members, and the LORD CHANCELLOR has delivered judgment.

Lord Chancellor. So having maintained the decision of the Courts below, we have nothing more to do than to order that the sentence shall be carried into effect. Where is the Prisoner?

Queen's Counsel (after consultation with his clients). May it please your Lordship, I am given to understand that the Prisoner died two years ago (just after I received my brief), in a workhouse!

Curtain.

HOLIDAY TASK REFORM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—as usual—we've got to do a chunk of TENNYSON into Latin Hexameters for part of the holiday task! Here we have our poets with infinite pains making their lines scan, and with a fair lot of sense considering, and then we are set to knock them all out of shape, and make them read like a *verbatim* translation of themselves in a common crib.

Now, I've invented a far better dodge, which keeps the sense, while enforcing the use of the Latin Dictionary, and at the same time preserving the rhyme and metre sacred by a thousand tender associations. Young Bawny is staying here, and last night we turned "How doth the little busy Bee" into the new kind of Latin verse. This is how it begins:

"How doth the parve, assiduous ape | And collige mel the total die
Carp quisk nitecent hore, | From quisk aperient flore."

If you remember the sort of stuff you used to have given you as a "prepared version" in the verse-books, you will, I know, acknowledge the superiority of this dodge, in sound and sense, and I am not afraid to say, in real scholarship.

Yours truly,
CLASSICAL SIDE.



“COME BACK TO ERIN!”

THE COLLEEN. “IF YE PLAISE, YURE MAJESTY, AS YE’VE SEEN ME SISTHERS AT HOME, SHURE WON’T YE COME AN’ SEE ME?—YE’LL BE VERY WELCOME!!”





SCENE FROM THE FARCE OF "THE SESSION."

(Comic business invented by W. H. Smith and talented assistants.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF EXPLOSIVE RESEARCH.—That you should have been petitioned by your neighbours either to remove your residence to some other locality, or else resign your post as "Scientific Examiner and Advising Analyst to the Anglo-Continental Dynamite Explosive Company," though naturally occasioning you some personal annoyance, can, we fear, hardly surprise any disinterested person who has read your own account of the circumstances which appear to have given rise to the agitation of which you complain. We fully understand the obligations forced upon you by your official position, "to test," as you say, "fully and completely the explosive value of the various compounds submitted for approval to the Company;" but would not some blasted heath, far removed from human habitation, be more suitable for our purpose than the back garden of your little semi-detached villa at Betchingham? That you should have started with an accident, and ignited by mistake seventeen hundredweight of a composition an ounce of which you yourself allege would be enough to blow the dome off St. Paul's, only shows you how accidents may occur, spite all your precautions; and that you should, therefore, in the space of a fortnight, have managed to wreck twenty-three houses in your immediate vicinity, bring down the church-steeple, unroof the National Schools, and blow your next-door neighbour completely out of his own premises to the opposite side of the road, though, under the circumstances not a matter for surprise, is still one that you must admit cannot be regarded without regret. If the Vicar brings his threatened action for "shattered nerves, owing to unceasing shocks to his system," you had better hand the matter over to some sharp bullying attorney, who may frighten him into silence. With regard to other matters, you might certainly at present ignore the claim of the gas company for the alleged damage to their main by frequent concussion. You had better get out of Betchingham quietly. Do not, by any means, attempt to test, as you seem rather inclined to before you go, those high-pressure shells you mention that have been submitted by the South American artillery officer, and one of which, as the inventor affirms, "would bring an arsenal about your ears." If you must report on these to the Company, you had better defer your examination till you have moved into that suburban terrace of unoccupied houses to which you refer; for if you bring a few dozen of these down, you will, at least, do so without fear of danger to life or limb. Candidly, we should advise you to resign your appointment, but as you seem disinclined to do this, we should say that the only way in which you could discharge its duties with any degree of safety, would be to hire a coal-barge, and get a tug to post you somewhere in the mouth of the Thames, about five miles off the coast every way. The Betchingham folk have, we fear, rather a strong case against you. But, if you will take our advice, you will retire from the situation speedily and quietly.

SPORTING SUBSTITUTES.—That, after inviting a distinguished party, including, among others, a Peer, two well-known shots, and a French Marquis, who has come over to see some English "sport," to the place you have rented, as you thought, "cheaply," in Suffolk, "to have some shooting," to find at the eleventh hour that you have taken it under a total misapprehension, and that not a single acre of shooting goes with the letting, is indeed a trying and awkward situation in which to find yourself placed, and one that will test all your ingenuity and resource to meet with equanimity. Your first idea of buying up all the available pigeons in the neighbourhood, turning them brown by dipping them into Condyl's Fluid, and letting them loose in the adjacent fields, and trying to palm them off as a peculiar sort of "local partridge," might perhaps have passed muster with the French Marquis, but would have been sure to have been detected by the British Peer and the other practised sportsmen of which your party consist; and we think you did wisely in abandoning it. Your purchase of the thirty-five young turkeys you mention, which, with a view to making them savage, you are fattening up on a diet of dog-biscuit, gin, and Cayenne pepper, seems a happy thought; but whether you will be able to persuade your guests, as you hope to do, that they come of a stock of genuine American wild turkeys, which you yourself introduced into the local woods some seasons since, remains to be seen.

THE PROPER WAY OF MAKING "A HAGGIS."—Your recipe for making "A Haggis," since it was confided to you, as you say, by "the Head of a Highland Clan," must undoubtedly be correct, though we admit it strikes us as possessing some novel features. The five pounds of pork chops, chopped up fine, half-a-dozen Spanish onions, quart of oatmeal and bottle of whiskey all tied up in a sheep's stomach, strike us as correct, the only unfamiliar additions being the two pots of marmalade, two-pound can of tinned lobster, conger-eel, pint of olives, tin of dog-biscuits and jar of anchovies. You are quite correct in saying it should be boiled to bursting point, for when the carving-knife is inserted, the helper, and indeed everyone within measurable distance of him, should be deluged with the scalding gravy. It should be eaten boiling from soup-plates, with one leg planted on the table the other standing on the chair. This at least is how the national dish is disposed of in the best circles and highest ranks of Edinburgh Society. While it is in process of being swallowed, the Pipers should be admitted and give "a gude screel o' the pipes" to accompany the ceremony; at least we think so.

FOOD FOR INFANTS.—It is certainly to be regretted that, before purchasing the proprietary rights of the "Infants' Flesh and Fat-forming Food Company," you did not take the precaution of submitting a specimen of the composition in question to some well-known analyst, and having his opinion upon it. Had you done this you would at least have been spared the numberless letters you mention that you are daily receiving from indignant mothers, complaining in bitter terms of the results of its administration, and reviling you for the series of fits and convulsions which appear as a matter of course to follow immediately on its use. That one indignant father should write and say that a couple of tea-spoons of "the beastly stuff" had the same effect on him as "a stiff glass of rum-and-water, and fairly knocked him over," seems to point to the fact that perhaps, if you failed in the Nursery, you might try it in the Prize Ring. Meantime, how would it do as a *Dog-Biscuit*? Think this out.

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES."



UNDER THE SCAFFOLD. PARIS, 1789.



IN FRONT OF THE DOCK. LONDON, 1889.

ROBERT ON THE RIVER.

IT was ony a week or so ago as I was engaged perfeshnally on board a steam Yot that had been hired for about as jolly a party as I ewer remembers to have had on board a ship, and the Forreners among 'em had evidently been brort for to see what a real lovely River the Tems is. I must say I was glad to get away from Town, as I 'ad 'ad a shock from seeing a something dreadful on an old showcard outside of the Upraw which they tells me is now given up to Promenades. So we started from SKINDEL's, at Maddenham Bridge, and took 'em right up to Gentleman Marlow, and on to old Maddenham, and then to Henley, and lots of other butiful places, and then back to SKINDEL's to dinner. And a jolly nice little dinner they guv us, and sum werry good wine, as our most critical gests—and we had two Corporation gents among 'em—coudn't find not no fault with. But there's sum people as it ain't not of no use to try to satisfy with butiful scenery—at least, not if they bees Amerrycain. They don't seem to have the werry least admiration or respect for anythink as isn't werry big, and prefur size to buty any day of the week.

"Well, it's a nice-looking little stream enuff" says an Amerrycain, who was a board a grinnin; "but it's really quite a joke to call it a River. Why, in my country," says he, "if you asked me for to show you a River, I should take you to Mrs. SIPPY's, and when we got about harf way across it, I guess you'd see a reel River then, for it's so wide that you can't see the land on either side of it, so you sees nothink else but the River, and as that's what you wanted for to see, you curn't werry well grumble then." I shood, most sutenly, have liked for to have asked him, what sort of Looks they had in stich a River as that, and whether Mrs. SIPPY cort many wales when she went out for a day's fishing in that little River of hers, but I knows my place, and never asks inconvenient questions.

However, he was a smart sort of feller, and had 'em I must say



werry nicely indeed a few minutes arterwards. We was a passing a werry butiful bit of the river called a Back Water, and he says, says he, "As it's so prehus hot in the sun, why don't we run in there and enjoy the shade for a time, while we have our lunch?" "Oh," says one of the marsters of the feast, "we are not allowed to go there; that's privet, that is." "Why how can that be?" says he, "when you told me, just now, as you'd lately got a Hact of Parliament passed which said that wherever Tems Water flowed it was open to all the world, as of course it ort to be." "Ah," said the other, looking rathyer foolish, "but this is one of the xceptions, for there's another claws in the hact as says that wherever any body has had a hobs-truction in the River for 20 years it belongs to him for hever, but he mustn't make another nowhere."

The Amerrycain grinned as before, and said, "Well, I allers said as you was about the rummest lot of people on the face of the airth, and this is ony another proof of it. You are so werry fond of everythink as is old, that if a man can show as he has had a cussed noocance for twenty years, he may keep it coz he's had it so long, while all sensible people must think, as that's one more reason for sweepin the noocance clean away." And I must say, the he was a Amerrycane, that I coudn't help thinking as he was right.

It's astonishing what a remarkabel fine happytight a run on the butiful Tems seems to give heverbody, and wot an awantage we has in that partickler respect over the poor Amerycans who goes for a trip on Mrs. SIPPY's big River, with the wind a bloing like great guns, and the waves a dashing mountings hi. But on our butiful little steamer on our luvly little river, altho the gests had most sutenly all brekfasted afore they cum, why we hadn't started much about half-a-nour, afore three or fore on 'em came creeping down into the tite little cabin and asking for jest a cup of tea and a hagg or two, and a few shrimps; and, in less than a nour afterwards, harf a dozen more on 'em had jest a glass or two of wine and a sandwich, and all a arsking that most important of all questions on bord a Tems Yot, "What time do we lunch?" And by 2 a clock sharp they was all seated at it, and pegging away at the Sammon and the pidgin pie, het settler, as if they was harf-starved, and even arter that, the butiful desert and the fine old Port Wine was left upon the table, and I can toothfully state that the cabin was never wunno quite empty till we was again doing full justice to Mr. SKINDEL's maynoo.

ROBERT.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.
Extracted from the Diary of TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August, 19.—As many pages of this Diary bear record, I have profound respect and admiration for JOSEPH GILLIS. His simplicity of character, his directness of purpose, his genial bearing, his enlightened mind, and his oratorical gifts ever attract me. JOSEPH B., as was written long ago, is sly—dev'lish sly. No use impeachable member of the community whose financial interests are entrusted to his care coming round him with pleas about drawing a month's, or even a week's, salary in advance. JOSEPH, without causing wing of friendship to moult a feather, ever understands their blandishments. He knows what he's about, and generally accomplishes his end, performing the maximum of public good with the minimum of personal estrangement.

To-day JOSEPH shines in new and brighter light. BALFOUR, desirous of mixing little treacle with the brimstone usually administered to Irish Members, brought in a series of Bills appropriating Imperial funds for local works in Ireland. Irish Light Railways Bill one of group. Proposes to advance over half a million sterling towards cost of Irish

railways. Patriotic Irish Members in a dilemma. The tempting bribe is offered from BALFOUR's hands. Shall they grip it and take the money, or shall they contemptuously beat it back in ARTHUR's face? After long struggle majority decided to

turn their head away so that they shan't see the donor's face, stretch out their hands and take the money. Even TIM HEALY yields to temptation of moment. Evidently uncomfortable; perhaps a little ashamed of the situation; justifies himself with some ferocity of manner. British taxpayer, he says, extracted hundreds of millions from Irishmen; why shouldn't Irishmen take this half a million now, albeit BALFOUR proffers it? So TIM and great majority of Irish Members go into lobby with Government, rubbing shoulders with BALFOUR, hob-and-nobbing with OLD MORALITY. But JOSEPH GILLIS stands aside, Seagreen and Incorruptible. In vain SOLICITOR-GENERAL for Ireland, with left hand argumentatively extended and right hand gracefully disposed on hip, discusses the question with him. JOSEPH will have none of it, and

when the Division-bell rings, walks forth to register anew his renunciation of BALFOUR and all his works.

Business done.—Irish Light Railways Bill forced through.

Tuesday, 2 A.M.—Over at last. Irish Light Railways Bill reached terminus; a slow journey; many stoppages; frequent attempts to shunt it. Half a dozen times sleepers found laid across rails, with intent to upset it. But ARTHUR driving; generally understood that, when he says he is going somewhere, he arrives.

"Must say," RICHARD TEMPLE hoarsely whispered, mopping his forehead, "think we might usefully have illustrated subject by laying light railway round Division lobbies. Been on the go since four o'clock yesterday afternoon; for nearly half that time trotting round the lobbies; seventeen divisions; taken part in every one; send my record up with a bound. Shall beat everyone this year; earn a niche in history as the Member who through long Session only missed single Division. Very interesting work; plenty of experience; no end of variety. What I do is, always vote with Government. Supported them in all Divisions on their first Tithes Bill placing liability on occupier. Should have voted with them in favour of second Bill, had it come on; that, you know, was on exactly the reverse principles, making landowner liable. So, you see, TOBY, dear boy, on one hand or the other, I should have come out all right, besides totalling up my record of Divisions. You've been in House longer than me, I know; but you have other things to think of; so, perhaps, you'll excuse me giving you a little advice. It is, always vote with the Government. Keep your eye on OLD MORALITY, and OLD MORALITY will pull you through. You've no responsibility, no anxiety; and, as I have shown, you have plenty of variety. Besides, look at the exercise! A Division, as you know, takes from twelve to fifteen minutes. I've walked through seventeen. Call it four hours; say we didn't exceed pace of two miles an hour; and there you have eight miles I've walked. That's the thing to keep your wind sound, your flesh down, your friends in office, and your country prosperous and free."

Midnight.—Irish Votes in Supply; worrying round the Land Commission; trotting up and down Lord Lieutenant's backstairs; stuck in office of Chief Secretary when Progress reported. ARTHUR, with his back to the wall, parrying the attack with usual pluck and skill, and more than usual urbanity. Almost deferential in his bearing towards Irish Members. Implores them to say which they will take first, Land Commission, or Lord Lieutenant's Household? Chief Secretary's Salary, or Prisons Vote? Only desire in life is to accommodate himself to the fancy of Irish Members. Will they take the Prisons Vote? No?

"Then," says ARTHUR, momentarily putting on the alluring air of a Waterloo-House-Young-Man, "here's the Land Commission Vote, highly recommended; or the Vote to complete the sum for the Lord Lieutenant's Household, which we are now making a leading line. Or there's the Chief Secretary; Chief Secretaries very cheap to-day."

Irish Members nonplussed at this urbanity. Angry with themselves and ARTHUR that there's nothing to quarrel about; say they'll take anything. TIM HEALY discourses at large on Land Commission. ARTHUR likes TIM, in spite of all his roughness of tongue and boorishness of manner.

"Knows what he's talking about," ARTHUR says; "always something to say, and has the right to speak. Only wish he wouldn't think it nice thing to thrust both his hands in trouser-pockets when he addresses House."

ARTHUR's face and bearing changed when SHAW-LEFEVRE appears on scene. A man of few prejudices, but can't bear Member for Bradford.

"What right has he poking his ear in here?" ARTHUR says, with something like a scowl on his fair countenance, "always reminds me of the little boy that howls at safe distance on skirts of a scuffle, and then goes away and tells big fibs of his prowess and his hairbreadth 'scapes. Would have clapped him in prison when he was in Ireland if I had got the chance. But he was too wily; always kept just out of harm's way whilst making as much noise as was safe. But I'll have him yet, if he doesn't mind."

Business done.—Irish Votes in Supply.

Thursday.—Another long night in Committee of Supply. Chiefly Irish Votes; TIM HEALY making up for lost time; when Courts are sitting must be in Ireland looking after business; in vacation, at leisure to look after BALFOUR. Does it with great zest; up half-a-dozen times to-night, giving it 'em hot all round.

Benches nearly empty. AKERS-DOUGLAS got half a hundred men pledged to see thing through. But they prefer to see it from the Terrace, smoking-room or reading-room. Sometimes Member thinks he's had enough of it; done his duty to House and country in manner that could leave even OLD MORALITY nothing to desire. Thinks he'll stroll home to dinner; makes his way safely into Lobby; strikes bee-line for door; in half a moment be outside, on the way home; quiet dinner; leave others to sit up and outvote Irishmen; almost at door when figure slowly uncoils itself from Bench in recess. When process finished, and figure fully unvolved, hapless Minister discovers ARTHUR HILL on guard.

"Are you paired?" he asks.

No; hapless Member wishes he were. Can't get a pair.

"Ah, very sorry," says HILL, quite casually spreading himself across doorway.

Hapless Member looks him up and down. Couldn't, without ropes, climb over him; can't very well get round him; so concludes he'll dine in House, and wait for Divisions.

"Call him ARTHUR HILL," says hapless Member, "I call him HIMALAYA MOUNTAIN."

"I always plant HILL at the doorway on dull nights, when Divisions are threatening," says AKERS-DOUGLAS. "Saves us at least a dozen votes; much better than a palliade fence, or an extra bolt to the door."

Business done.—More Irish Votes.

Friday.—Everybody, more or less, in a good temper. OLD MORALITY's appeal to finish Supply that night favourably received. He explained that procrastination was the thief of time; or, to put it less like one of the headings in his favourite copy-book, at least, twenty-four hours of the holidays would be saved, if Votes could be rattled off amicably that evening. OLD MORALITY quite in new character as amusing rattle. Rattling commenced, and only interrupted by case of another amusing rattle—CONTREARE, or, as he might be genially called "the good old Curse." Of course, his honoured name could not be left out when the Irish Prisons Vote was on. ARTHUR BALFOUR quite interested and sympathetic. Appears that good old Curse has quite recovered from his distressing ailment, and CHIEF SECRETARY intimated that "if there was the slightest chance that he would incur it again, would not hesitate to order his removal to another prison." Very kind and thoughtful. Several Hon. Gentlemen give their experiences of Derry Gaol, which to put it prettily, seems to be in very bad odour with everyone. Then remaining Votes agreed to.

Business done.—Supply.

Saturday Morning.—I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose guests are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed. House sitting to-day winding up things generally. Only such small matters as Indian Budget to be left to next week. Business of Session practically over; Benches empty; Corridors resound to door-keeper's stentorian shout, "Who goes home?" Well, I will.

Business done.—All.



Mr. Solicitor (Ireland).



Arthur Hill.

SAMUEL BROTHERS.

COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITS.



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"BROS."

"JACK TAN."

"NORFOLK."

"DRESSING GOWN."

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in house-cleaning without SAPOLIO,
like zeal without knowledge, is the
sister of Folly. SAPOLIO is a solid
cake of scouring soap. Try a cake.

MORE DURABLE THAN ANY OTHER ARTICLE OF ITS CLASS.—SO MOST ECONOMICAL.
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MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY SUNDAY

S A P O L I O

USED EVERY WEEK-DAY BRINGS REST ON SUNDAY.